

SUCCESS.

What is success? Is it this—to climb
To the mountain peaks of fame,
To float a flag from the highest crag,
And die with resounding name?

What is success? Is it this—to fill
Your coffers with yellow gold
Gained in the press through the crowd's
distress,
And die like the great of old?

Or is this success—to stay the tide
Of an orphan's flowing tears,
To calm the strife in his battle of life,
Till the rainbow of peace appears?

There is success whose splendor fades
When falls the coffin lid;
Self-centered men ne'er boast again
When the mortal clay is hid.

There is success whose glory bursts
To endless life and power,
Which was only here, in its little sphere,
Like the swelling of a flower.

In the eternal great beyond,
Beyond earth's din and greed,
In the harvest yield—souls are the field
In which we sow the seed.

O brothers! make your goal so high
That journeyings of time
Cannot efface the path you trace,
By their distances sublime.

Success—what is it? It is this:
To walk the holy road
Whose leadings rise through the trackless
skies
In the light of the smile of God.
—B. F. M. Sours, in Baptist Union.



By Will N. Harben.

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CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"Dear husband," she said, sweetly. "John Briscoe loved you as few men love their friends. Do you know that he would rather have you enjoy that money after his daughter's death than those people?"

"I don't know; I never thought about it, Jeanne."

"Well, I know he would want you to have it, and have it to you must."

"I declare you mystify me."

"I have something else to say. Blanche was in love with you when I first met you. I knew it from the accounts you gave me of your visits to her. I used to think you were a fool not to have seen it. She loved you so much that—"

"O, how absurd!"

"That when you brought me home as your wife she swooned away. One of the maids told me about it. She pretended to be confined to her room with a headache, but in reality she spent the two days in tears. She keeps a diary; it has a lock and key, but one day I found it open and read her heart. She not only loves you, but she has worshiped you since she was 15 years old. You have thought she was happy at Lyndhurst. The truth is she has not had one contented moment there. She dislikes me and imagines me unworthy of you, and that has only irritated her passion."

"Jeanne," said the major, "I can hardly believe all this, but even if it were true, what has it to do with this awful breach between you and me?"

"You must have her money or I shall never be content as long as I live." The speaker paused as if to let her statement settle into his disturbed consciousness, then she ended: "You must have it, or I cannot live with you any longer."

"You mean—" he was unable to proceed.

"I mean that you and I, Rowland, without harming the girl in the slightest, can, after her death, live the rest of our lives on that money, over half of which you have fairly earned by your business care and judgment."

"I don't see how we can do it," Goddard said, after he had endeavored to fathom her meaning.

"She has only two years to live at the very longest, dear. It would mean a temporary separation between you and me, but in the end we could make up for it. My plan is this: She loves you and would marry you within a week after my death if you asked her. I shall go abroad at once, and while I am away absolute proof of my death shall be brought to you and the authorities in America. Soon after this you must marry Blanche and get possession of her fortune. Then when she dies I shall manage to show that my death was a mistake and shall come back to you."

"My God, Jeanne! don't—don't ask this of me!"

Goddard covered his face with his hands. His wife removed them gently and put her left arm around his neck. "Darling, it would be the easiest thing in the world to accomplish, and then just think of all the after years of happiness which we shall spend together."

"I can't do it, Jeanne—I simply am not made that way."

"Have you considered that you and I part, then, to-night?"

"You can't mean that?" he cried.

"Absolutely. I shall not go back to Lyndhurst unless you fully agree to my proposal. Even then it will only be for a week while I am allaying suspicion and preparing for my voyage."

"Jeanne, I simply cannot do this," groaned Goddard; "I simply cannot do it!"

The woman rose and stood before him at her full height. She had never looked so queenly—her influence over him had never been so great. She strode back and forth across the room with all the grace and beauty which had enthralled his senses a year before.

Suddenly she stepped up to him and laid a hand upon his shoulder which commanded him like the touch of a hypnotist upon a good subject.

"You know, Rowland, that another rich man wanted to make me his wife when I consented to marry you?"

He remembered that she had told him something of the kind just before the wedding, and how that fact had hastened his marriage. He nodded.

"I remember."

"He has not married," said Mrs. Goddard, in a tone of deep significance; "and still he wants me, and I could easily secure a divorce from you on the ground that you failed to comply with your agreement in regard to certain money and property which was to be settled upon me."

"Would you treat me that way?" he asked, and she saw him blindly yielding.

"I'd have to. I cannot be a poor woman any longer; you understood that when you married me, dear man. It is you who are failing to keep promises. Now, if you will say yes I will kiss you and you may stay here to-night. If not we must actually part company." She bent down over him; her eyes seemed to glow with flames kindled by the highest satanic art.

"Two years without you?" he gasped.

"She may not live a month."

He was as white as a dead man.

"But how could you come back from—"

—from death and—satisfy public opinion?"

"The easiest thing in the world. Leave that to me."

She saw his fears and good impulses returning, and to drive them away she sat down by him and put both her arms round his neck.

"Say yes, dear Rowland," she whispered, "and then you may kiss me."

He made no answer other than to push her head back passionately, and then gazing into her eyes an instant he kissed her on the mouth and drew her to him.

CHAPTER IV.

The Goddards breakfasted together the next morning in a private room downstairs. The meal passed in silence, which was broken only now and then by a cheerful remark on the part of Mrs. Goddard. He was sallow and depressed, as if he had passed a wretched night; she was flushed with triumph and the prospect of winning in a great game. Now that his word had been tacitly given he had the cowed air of most men of refined instincts who have sold themselves to the devil. His handsome face was stamped, too, with the lines of regret for his downward plunge, and keener regrets that he was in such a short time to be separated from her. He was unable to look her squarely in the face, else he might have had the courage to introduce certain white-winged objections which had flocked around him in the dead hours of the night when all the city seemed asleep. Mrs. Goddard ate heartily; he bolted his food. She said the coffee and rolls—those dainty crisp things no larger than a giant's thumb—were alone worth the inconvenience of spending a night in the city. When they had finished she told him she desired that he should go at once to Lyndhurst and inform Blanche that she would remain that morning in town to attend to some shopping, and that she would be home in time for luncheon.

"I hope," she added, "that you have no business to attend to at the office."

He had none, and it gave his heart a wrench to think that her shopping had to do with her preparations for her voyage.

"There is something else," she went on. "Did anyone at Lyndhurst know that I took so much money when I left?"

The major looked confused as he confessed: "Blanche happened to be with me when—when I went to the safe, and, naturally, I suppose I showed astonishment when I missed the—"

"Oh, it makes no difference," broke in Mrs. Goddard. "I can easily explain it, and my going abroad. I shall say it is only for a short run over and back. From the other side I can easily make excuses for a prolonged stay."

He left her in one of the drawing-rooms and hastened to get a cab to convey him to the station in time for a train to Lyndhurst. Good intentions and a clear moral outlook must naturally tend towards lightness of spirits, for Maj. Goddard, possessing just the reverse, felt as if his bones had turned to lead as he journeyed homeward. It is a wonder that his fiercely contending emotions did not tear his reason from its seat.

As to his wife, she was, as she had always been, diametrically his opposite. She took one or two turns in the corridors, where a considerable number of people were seated or promenading, and drew in deep breaths of something like thorough satisfaction. She seemed unconscious and yet keenly aware of the glances of loitering men of fashion who nudged one another and made admiring comments as she passed. She went through the revolving glass doors into the court, and as she smoothed on her dainty gloves she looked for a cab. When she had chosen the best looking four-wheeler a porter in uniform called it for her.

"No. 30 West Twentieth street," she said carelessly to the porter, who repeated it to the cabman as he closed the door.

The house before which the conveyance presently halted was a rather old-time, four-storied brown stone front, the steps of which were crumbling and broken, and before which stood those badges of an uncleanly neighborhood, an ash can and a garbage barrel.

Mrs. Goddard alighted, dismissed the cab and went up to the unswerving stoop and stood on the worn india-

rubber mat. She rang. An Irish maid answered the summons.

"Is Mrs. Nolan in?" asked the caller.

"Yes, madam; will you walk into the parlor?"

Mrs. Goddard gave the girl a card and followed her into a stuffy drawing-room on the left. Between the windows of this room there was a tall pierglass belonging to the style of half a century ago and a concomitant high and crudely decorated ceiling. There was a folding bed in the room and a washstand hidden behind a Japanese screen, which indicated that the apartment, in emergencies, was used as a bedroom. The place had the air and the odor of a second-class boarding house, but the sign in the window told the street that it was only an apartment house furnishing drawing-room privileges.

There was a step heavy enough to have been masculine on the diamond-shaped marble tiles in the hall, and a tall, angular woman about 50 years of age advanced into the room with quick, angry strides. She had crushed the visitor's card in the hand with which she was endeavoring to adjust a meager coil of iron gray hair. She did not speak till she had peered into the hall and carefully closed the door, then she said, frowning into the complacent face of the half-amused caller: "It certainly is a good thing for you, Jeanne, that you came to-day."

"Ah, you think so?" Mrs. Goddard's smile was tantalizing in the extreme.

"Yes, I had written my last note to you. I say it now plainly, so that you will not keep me waiting so long again."

"I assure you, Lucy Nolan, that I came only by the merest accident."

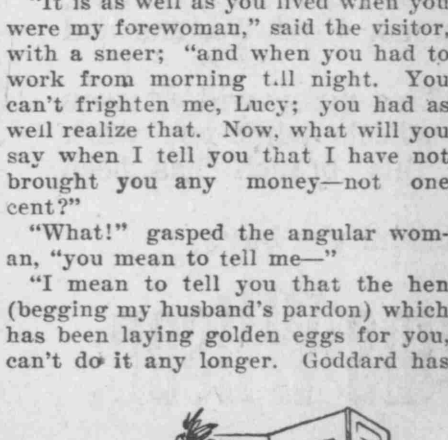
"Oh, I don't care why you came, just so you came with the money. I have my room-rent to pay and several other bills. If you had not come this morning, I was going to Maj. Goddard with my whole story. It makes me furious to know that you are rolling in luxury while I am living like this."

"I haven't had a new dress for—"

"It is as well as you lived when you were my forewoman," said the visitor, with a sneer; "and when you had to work from morning till night. You can't frighten me, Lucy; you had as well realize that. Now, what will you say when I tell you that I have not brought you any money—not one cent?"

"What!" gasped the angular woman, "you mean to tell me—"

"I mean to tell you that the hen (begging my husband's pardon) which has been laying golden eggs for you, can't do it any longer. Goddard has



"IT WILL WORK LIKE A CHARM."

lost everything he has except Lyndhurst and an income barely enough for a parsimonious man to keep it up on."

Mrs. Nolan sank on to a rickety sofa, and sat stiffly erect.

"You are not in earnest, Jeanne?"

"Yes, I am. I left him yesterday."

"Left him?"

"I was obliged to. I can't live on my present income; besides, when you told me Dugdale was here looking for me, I knew that he'd hunt me down sooner or later. Lucy, I must make for Europe. I couldn't live here with that fellow on my track. He is as sharp as can be."

"How are you going to Europe without money?" asked Mrs. Nolan, suspiciously.

"I have a plan; a desperate one, too, but I had to conjure up something. What I have in view includes you."

"Includes me?"

"Yes, it happens that I may really be able to put you to some use at last."

"I will do nothing without being paid, I tell you that."

"We will have a good bank to draw on, if everything works well." Mrs. Goddard lowered her voice, hitched her chair nearer to her confederate and explained salient features of her scheme. Before she had finished Mrs. Nolan was trembling all over, and her eyes were batting rapidly from sheer excitement.

"Is—the girl so dangerously ill?" she asked.

"In a most critical condition."

"Why did you smile when you said that, Jeanne?"

"I don't know; did I smile? Because our success depends on the state of her health, you know."

"I never heard of such a—such a bold idea."

"It will work like a charm."

"But what part shall I play?"

"I shall need you as a companion of my travels; and you know I shan't be able to make a creditable exit from this life without somebody to testify to my demise."

"O! you want me to shoulder the risk."

"Puh! don't be silly; the whole thing will rest on me."

"I should love to go abroad, Jeanne."

"Well, there is nothing to hinder you. Goddard, after his marriage, will be involved as deeply in the matter as you or I, and with all that for-

tune to draw on, we shan't want for money, and we shall have the world before us. Lucy, I am simply enchanted with the thought of freedom—glorious freedom! I have not closed my eyes in really sound sleep since you wrote you had seen Henry Dugdale. I shall kill two birds with one stone—get out of his way and get plenty of money into the bargain. I wish you were less cowardly. I haven't the slightest fear."

"Well, you may count on me," said Mrs. Nolan, forced in spite of herself to enter into the buoyant spirit of her friend. "When once I get started I'm a regular war-horse."

[To Be Continued.]

ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

Curious Features of Social and Court Etiquette in Various Countries.

Among the Siamese the curious custom obtains of reversing the elbow joint of the left arm as a sign of superiority. The children of both sexes are trained to reverse their elbow in this painful position at an early age if their parents are persons of high grades.

Dumgum, it appears, is not the only place entitled by custom to grant fitches of bacon to married couples for domestic harmony.

In the court roll of Whichenour, Staffordshire, bearing date of King Edward III., there is a stipulation that the lord of the manor shall present a fitch to the married couple who can declare that they have lived happily for a year and a day; and, further, that the man, if freed, would again choose his wife above all other women.

An inquiry is being made as to the validity of the terms of the court roll, and, if they still hold good, a claim will be formulated.

There has never been a claimant for the fitch. The lord of the manor has to provide the fitch, says the roll, and whether the present one will shirk the responsibility remains to be seen.

An interesting English rural custom is celebrated in the pretty Derbyshire village of Tissington, just prior to the Whitsun festival. This is known far and wide as Tissington well dressing. The tradition is that once upon a time there was a great drought in the land, when pastures were burned bare, robust rivers wasted to a trickle, and there was suffering from want of water.

But to the very end of the rainless time the five wells of Tissington ran full and clear. So the grateful villagers one day dressed the wells with flowers and marked it as a holiday for all time. The custom is very old.

NATURAL QUESTION.

Part of the southern coast of Newfoundland near Cape Race and of the southwestern coast near Cape Ray have an unenviable reputation as the scene of many disasters. While the native of Newfoundland is keen about getting material benefit from wrecks, he is also distinguished for gallantry in saving life and for care of the dead.

So says a writer in the Newfoundland Magazine. Near Cape Ray, about 1830, an old man, a young girl and a boy of 12 saved all the crew and passengers of a Canadian packet ship. So common are wrecks that when men engage for fishery it is part of the agreement that the servant shall get his share of the "wreck." Houses in these neighborhoods are all furnished and ornamented from lost ships. When Rev. J. J. Curling first came to the colony he was holding a service in one of these places. An old fisherman kept looking at his fine coat. "That be a fine piece of cloth," said the old man, at last, laying his hand on the minister's arm. "Never seed a better bit of cloth in my life. Get 'e out of a wreck, sir?"

PRINCE AND DOCTOR.

The recent death of the duke of Coburg reminds a writer in London Sketch of a story concerning him and the late Sir William Gull, the famous physician. When the prince of Wales was attacked with typhoid fever—an illness which was watched with sympathy the world over—the services of Sir William Jenner were, for some reason, not available, and Dr. Gull, then on the rising wave of his great eminence, was sent for. The duke of Edinburgh, on going to see his stricken brother, found a strange doctor in attendance upon him. He put several questions with regard to the patient, his condition, treatment and prospects of recovery. Dr. Gull, in a characteristically heavy and ponderous manner, walked over to a writing-table, drew a sheet of paper toward him and wrote a few words. He then handed the paper solemnly to the sailor prince, who read the familiar warning: "You are requested not to speak to the man at the wheel."

Calling the Elements to Order.

Absent-mindedness is sometimes amusing and sometimes impressive, and a British statesman recently furnished an instance which has both qualities, for his mistake was due primarily to his serious regard for the business in hand and his concentration upon it. The man was Sir U. Kay-Shuttleworth, and he was presiding over a parliamentary committee. During the session a heavy thunderstorm came up, which made hearing somewhat difficult. Finally an unusually heavy clap interrupted a speaker, and the chairman, who had been listening intently, seized his gavel, pounded on the table and cried sternly: "Order! Order!"—Youth's Companion.

WELL ACQUAINTED.

Mr. Newrich—Of course you are well acquainted with the country round about here. Do you know Glen Acorn? Native—Ay, well!

Mr. Newrich (who has just bought the estate)—What sort of a place is it, in your opinion?

"Weel, if ye saw the de'il tethered on't ye'd just say: 'Fair brute!'"—Collier's Weekly.

SPARKLING MILLINERY.

Many of the Winter Hats Display a Profusion of Jeweled Trimmings.

Panne and velvet are by all odds the most fashionable of all materials for the winter hat, with chenille as a second, and nothing will take precedence of the all-black hat in elegance. A handsome model of this class is of black panne with a spangled brim. The crown is soft and flat and is encircled with loose folds of the panne, knotted on the left side, where the brim is indented slightly. Ostrich plumes, two above and one under the brim, and a jet buckle complete the trimming. Ostrich feathers have advanced in price to such a degree that they will be seen only on the handsomest and costliest hats. On others they will be replaced largely by manufactured feather ornaments, says a fashion paper.

Flowers are said to be out of the running, although they are seen, with foliage and fruit, on the late fall hats. Broad blade feathers with velvet disks painted to imitate cherries or berries applied upon them are among the novelties in trimming. Gold braid in combination with silk and velvet will be used both in bands around the crown and in large, loose bows.

The fancy for jewels, both real and imitation, will find expression in the trimming of hats as well as of gowns. Almost every kind of stone known to the jeweler will be used in this way. On one of the new hats, a large pearl "Cleopatra" pendant dangles from the front of the brim. Another has a buckle consisting of an immense imitation emerald surrounded with brilliants.

This is on a green hat. It's the thing to have a hat composed of many shades of the same color. The material may be all velvet silk or tulle, or it may be a combination of these materials, but the hues shade from the light to dark, forming a flower-like whole. Violet, blue, green and brown are used in this way. A pretty hat in the bronze shades has a foundation of fancy dark brown braid with a low velvet crown, around which is draped taffeta, shading from light gold to deep bronze. A shaded imperian breast is fastened in place by a bronze buckle.

A violet velvet, stitched in a lighter shade, has a garniture of twisted folds of panne buckles.

Black and white holds its own as one of the most reliable combinations in millinery and is suitable for many occasions. Black panne and white liberty satin are highly effective together, especially when trimmed with rosettes of black and white tulle.

One of the novel hats of the season has a nosegay of camellias.

Liberty scarfs having bright oriental colors are much used for draping felt hats for ordinary wear.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS.

A Variety of Useful Information for the Busy Housewife.

Rubber and leather casters are now frequently put upon furniture which is to be placed on a hardwood or stained floor. Some housekeepers and decorators, however, recommend instead the caster cups, says the New York Post.

Where brasses are much discolored an application of a solution of salt and vinegar is advisable before using the customary brass polish, as the work of polishing is much more quickly performed.

Handsome glass vases may be kept free from the accumulation of dust at the bottom by inserting a wad of tissue paper the color of the vase when it is not in use. By taking this means of keeping them clean the brilliancy of the glass is retained.

While man, decorators and furnishers advise the woman of moderate means to furnish her rooms with wicker furniture, on the ground that it is more artistic than much of the cheaper wood furniture, they do not stop to consider the trouble she will have in keeping it clean. Few servants think it necessary to dust wicker chairs, and the well-trained maid finds it impossible to keep them free from dust without expending more time upon the duty than it is possible to spare from her other tasks.

A delicious way of making the ordinary fricassee chicken into a novel dish has been brought from Spain by an inquiring housewife. Cut the chicken up and put it in the saucepan and cover with cold water. After it has begun to boil leave it at the back of the range, where it will simmer slowly for an hour and a half. Then add a cup and a half of boiled rice, a small onion cut into quarters, a small tomato, salt, pepper and a teaspoonful of curry powder which has been dissolved in water. Boil slowly for 20 or 30 minutes, taking care at the last that it does not scorch. Serve with the rice piled in the center of the platter and the chicken placed about the border.

When the master of the house objects to carving before guests a good way to serve a roasted chicken is to have it cut into pieces as it is prepared for a fricassee, season it and rub in egg and bread crumbs. Put it in the oven and let it rest for two hours. This is a dish which is highly commended by the epicure who has a fondness for chicken à la Maryland and other southern dainties.

DARNED LACE.

Any woman who can handle a needle and who has good eyesight may manufacture a handsome collar and chemise by darning lace net with linen floss in a more or less elaborate pattern. The design should be drawn on thick paper and the Brussels net basted over it before darning.—Detroit Free Press.

HUMOROUS.

His Pick.—He—"I understand you have a family tree?" She—"Oh, yes." He—"Well, the fellow who picks you will get a peach."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Mr. Sage—"Brevity, my dear, is the soul of wit." Mrs. Sage—"Is that the reason that horrid Mrs. Stuff looks so funny in a rainy-day skirt?"—Ohio State Journal.

"He gives twice who gives quickly," says the proverb, but you will please observe that the rapid paying teller never gives you twice the face value of a check.—Chicago Daily News.

Larry—"Th' doctor siz Oi nade glasses. How much are they?" Optician—"Do you wish nose glasses?" Larry—"No, Oi want eye glasses. Oi can't see tro' me nose, kin Oi?"—Chicago Daily News.

"You dropped your club bill out of your pocket this morning." "Ah, yes, dear; thank you." "And I think that after you know I have seen the figures in it, you will hardly object to my next bill from the dressmaker."—Indianapolis News.

The man of the hour was distinctively an orator. "Is it absolutely necessary," we ventured to ask, "that you be able to express yourself?" "Certainly," replied the man of the hour. "You couldn't expect me to arrive by slow freight, could you?"—Detroit Journal.

The professor comes to his lecture room and finds it entirely empty. Indignant at the absence of students he breaks out angrily: "Gentlemen, I must ask you to come in greater numbers in future, for I have no intention of delivering my lectures to empty benches!"—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

DAINTIES FOR EPICURES.

Cheese Is Aged by Dealers with Vitriol, Poultry Deodorized and So On.

The fact was recently stated in one of our leading medical papers that game can be made to look "ripe" and green by injecting into the fresh flesh potassium sulphide. This is only one of the numerous deceptions which the artless tradesman practices upon his customers.

Poultry, if the weather be at all muggy, is very apt to smell queer and go "green in the joints." To correct this the birds are washed with a solution of permanganate of potash, which sweetens them up, and then, as this solution has a tendency to discolor the skin, they are carefully whitened by being rubbed with flour. The same deodorizer is also used with considerable effect upon joints of meat.

A very harmful practice is resorted to in the manufacture of artificial gorgonzola cheese, says the London Express. This is prepared by taking an ordinary pale, soft cheese and piercing it through and through with lengths of copper wire which have been dipped in oil of vitriol. The chemical action of the acid and the copper produces sulphate of copper (blue stone), which is deposited in small quantities in the cheese, thus representing the desired blue mold.

Dried fruits for Christmas puddings or mincecups are freshened up when they grow old by a careful washing in a mixture of sugar and water. This gives the fruit that soft, moist appearance that is deemed so desirable. Those cheap varieties of dates that are seen on barrows, wrapped in a piece of sack, and sold at a penny a bagful, often find their way into a grocer's shop, and are pulled apart and washed in the way indicated, pound.

Some greengrocers wash old walnuts and pass them off as a new season's fruit, despite the questionable nature of their contents.

Sweets are hardly food, but enormous quantities are being prepared for the Christmas sale just now. There is no remedy for chocolate goods when they are once stale and discolored, except to go back to the factory and be remade, but other old sweets are mixed up with newer sorts and disposed of in fancy boxes.

Bakers who turn out more stock than they can sell dispose of some in the form of "stales," but the rest are usually baked a little more while wrapped in a cloth dipped in milk or water. They emerge from the oven rejuvenated for the time being.

NOT FOR PUBLICATION.

A certain millionaire organizer of half-a-dozen big business combinations has made it an inflexible rule never to allow his utterances to be printed.

It was recently reported that he was going abroad to carry out a new scheme, and a reporter visited him to verify the rumor.

But the man of millions was as obtuse as ever.